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DECEMBER, 1948

The Liberalist

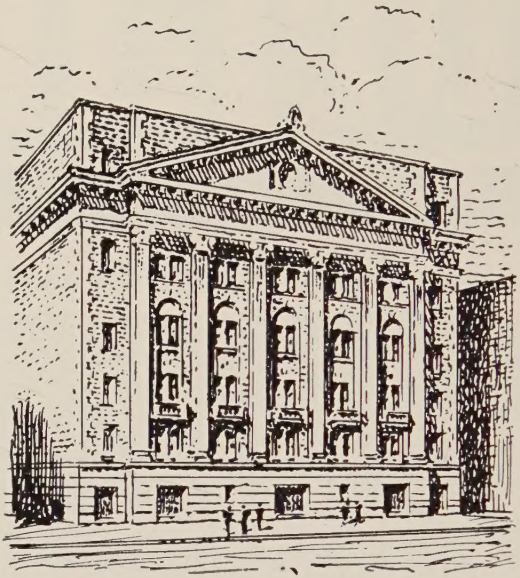
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

ALCHEMY

The whole, wide world, turned selfless for a day,
Lays down its gifts beneath the Christmas fir,
And, strangely, touched by memory of a star,
Each gift is gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Adelaide Love

(From "Poems for the Great Days"
Clark and Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXV **December, 1948** *Number 9*

A Yuletide Greeting

Our greeting to the friends and members of the Peoples Church and to all our Liberalist readers this Christmas is contained in these words of Fra Giovanni (A.D. 1513):

"We salute you! There is nothing we can give you which you have not; but there is much that, while we cannot give, you can take.

"No heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today. Take Heaven.

"No peace lies in the future which is not hidden in this present instant. Take Peace.

"The gloom of the world is but a shadow; behind it, yet within our reach, is joy. Take Joy.

"And so, at this Christmas Time, we greet you, with the prayer that for you, now and forever, the day breaks and the shadows flee away."

Grace and Preston Bradley

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

* * *

Candle Light Service and Christmas Play

"WHY THE CHIMES RING"

presented by

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

under the direction of J. Bradley-Griffin, who will appear in the role of the Priest

AT THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH
Lawrence at Sheridan

Sunday Evening, December 19th at 7:30
Monday Evening, December 20th at 8:00

* * *

Christmas Party for Guests of Mary Bartelme Club's "Lakewood House," given by the Professional and Business Woman's Club, Tuesday, December 14th, 8:00 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Book Lecture, "1,000 Inspirational Things," by Audrey Stone Morris, Wednesday, December 15th, 8:00 p.m.

Christmas Party, Woman's Club, Monday, December 20th, 1:00 p.m. Dicken's "Christmas Carol" in verse, Hilda Butler Farr. Music—Jewel and Johnny Covelli, duo-pianists

Christmas Party, Church School, Tuesday, December 21st, 7:30 p.m.

Christmas Book Lecture—Dr. Bradley will review "The Other Wise Man" by Henry van Dyke, Wednesday, December 22nd, 8:00 p.m.

Christmas Day Service, Saturday, December 25th, 11:00 a.m.

New Year's Eve, Annual Watch Night Service, Friday, December 31st, 11 to 12 midnight

"MAN AGAINST DARKNESS"

(Part II)
SERMON BY DR. BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
October 3, 1948

(Stenographically Reported)

(This is the second and final sermon on "Man Against Darkness," in which Dr. Bradley gave an answer to an article written by Dr. W. T. Stace for "The Atlantic Monthly" magazine of September, 1948. The first sermon on this subject appeared in the October Liberalist.)

THE reactions from the sermon last Sunday have been very many, and very varied. I wish that each of you might have read my mail in the reactions which I received. One of the reactions which has nothing to do with the mail, seems to have resulted in "The Atlantic" monthly for September suddenly disappearing from the newsstands and book stores in Chicago. I have had several people call me up and say, "Doctor Bradley, I have been everywhere trying to get the September issue of the Atlantic, and everybody says since Doctor Bradley started talking about it they have run out of it. The Atlantic Monthly Company in Boston got excited about it and as a result this article will probably be published in a little brochure of some sort. It is just an illustration of how you can create an interest in something. Many people lose the opportunity of reading something because their attention is not brought to it. I think I had the most interesting mail this week that I have had in many weeks, perhaps years, of broadcasting.

Some of it, of course, was on a very high level, some evidenced a total intellectual unawareness of what we were talking about or what Doctor Stace was writing about.

Most of our thinking is conditioned, first of all, by our prejudices, and it is so difficult to break down prejudice. Most people don't think; they only think they think, and what they give as evidence of their thinking is not thinking; it is just giving affirmation to their own prejudices. That is true, I think, of every area, and it is very true, comparatively and relatively, in regard to the philosophy of religion. We are all, of course, the recipients of the influence of thousands and thousands of ancestors, some of them good, and some of them bad. Of course, I know that you think you did not have any bad ancestors, but if you started to look back you might stumble over a horse thief, or a highwayman. You never know. We are all recipients of inheritance which to some extent influences much of our adult thinking. We never quite get away from it, and perhaps we never ought to, . . . but we should attempt more than we do to sit down and think a thing through, dispassionately, with an effort of constructing a principle of logistics, which is logic in argument. We should try, not as a Republican or a Democrat, not as a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, not as a Jew or a Gentile, we should not bring any of these influences to implement our thinking on a problem, but should try to think of it in terms of trying to find the answer to the question. What is the truth about this matter? What is the truth about politics, about the United Nations, about Russia, about Mr. Truman, about Mr. Wallace, about Mr. Dewey? What is the truth about this Church?"

Sit down abstractly. If you do try that you will discover that it is one of the most difficult things you ever tried to do. It is like the lady who came to hear me one Sunday morning, and she was a very devout, fanatical Baptist, and, of course, this Church is a difficult place for fanatics of any kind. They are never comfortable here, or listening. So she went home and at the dinner table her son said, "What did you think of Doctor Bradley and that sermon?" She said, "I'll never go there again!" and her teeth snapped. "Why?" asked her son. "I'll tell you why: he spoke as if religion was just as good for Catholics as for Baptists, and I don't believe it!" You see what she had brought to Church with her was her Baptist prejudice, and the whole thing was conditioned by this prejudice.

One man wrote me that the Article of Doctor Stace in the Atlantic Monthly was nothing but communistic propaganda and that I should have blasted it off the face of the earth. In the article and in Doctor Stace's denial of any controlling power outside of man's own potentiality in the cosmos, which is the basis of Doctor Stace's argument, he saw only that it harmonized with the materialistic philosophy of Karl Marx and Lenin in what they had to say about religion. I had not thought of it in that sense at all. After reading his letter I concluded there was a justification for what he had to say, but because I have no idea of Doctor Stace's political loyalty, I am not interested; but Dr. Stace denies there is any power in the cosmos operating either through any evolutionary process or by revelation, as a revelation in religion; he repudiates it, and he makes a very fine argument on his side in favor of that position.

Now, we are all familiar with the historic designation put on the gate at the entrance of the Kremlin which calls religion an opiate of the people. I am sufficiently aware of what I think is always a historical truth, that organized ecclesiasticism, in its very obvious denial to assume the responsibility of doing something actively and vitally in society against poverty, war, economic injustice, industrial unrighteousness, has many times refused to speak in behalf of the people, and whenever ecclesiasticism emphasizes superstition and fear as parts of the religious worship or religious faith, well, obviously, that kind of religion is an opiate. Any religion which seeks to build upon fear and superstition and seeks to validate itself upon the basis that there are unverifiable experiences in natural phenomena which cannot take place without the introduction of a supernatural power operating in the physical universe . . . any religion, obviously that builds itself upon superstition and fear is, I think, a very dangerous religion, and it is a religion which is an opiate.

In view of this, I am going to read just a few sentences again, because I think there may be some of you not familiar with the Article. I will read the concluding paragraph, then I shall give my own deductions and reflections about this whole matter. This is the concluding paragraph of Doctor Stace's Article. His thesis is that we are all the recipients of a great illusion, and that life is pretty largely built upon our illusions, and any conception of a supernatural power is simply untrue; that it does not exist; that we are all a part of some unwinding cosmos and you and I drop in and out of the picture unimportant except, of course, in the area of our own individual lives, but that we have no control over our destiny. He questions seriously whether there is any such thing as free will and he utilizes the present scientific tendency, which explains human conduct, on the basis of glandular influence. We

know that that can be; it is being done in a certain case. A young man who had been giving his family a great deal of trouble, sorrow and heartache, had been guilty of stealing and certain crimes, vice, and a lot of things, had a tumor operation, and with the removal of a certain pressure on the brain the whole character of that young man was changed, completely changed. No one who ever knew him would know him now; a complete change in his personality. Now, there is no denial of the fact; that is a scientific fact that we are all of us, probably to a more or less degree, influenced by our glandular equipment that conditions our body; it conditions the functions of our organs; it is a vital factor in our moral sensitiveness. Taking all these things into consideration, this is what Doctor Stace says in his conclusion of the whole matter:

"I remember a fellow student in my college days, an ardent Christian, who told me that if he did not believe in a future life, in heaven or hell, he would rape, murder, steal, and be a drunkard. That is what I call being a sham civilized being. On the other hand, not only could a Huxley, a John Stuart Mill, a David Hume, live great and fine lives without any religion, but a great many others of us, quite obscure persons, can at least live decent lives without it."

That is absolutely true. I know, so do you, a great many fine people, charitable, good people, good citizens, honorable in their business deals, splendid men and women . . . I know plenty of them, who have no dependency whatever upon any religious consciousness, who are not identified with any church, accept no creed, perform no religious acts or ceremonies, but they are basically and fundamentally good people. It is possible to live a good life without religion. The kind of a person who can live a good life without the imperative of a religious motive is the kind of person so basically integrated, with such a conception of values that they have a will and an intelligence which enable them to function in society as constructive, creative personalities in that society. The mere fact that they can do that is no proof to me that there is no God, or that religion is unnecessary, or a denial that religion exists. For every person who is completely integrated in his or her own personality and lives a good moral life and functions in society as a constructive influence in that society, I will show you a hundred thousand people fighting under the handicap of imperfect lives, struggling against the terrific onslaught of twisted conceptions of life, probably physically understaffed, or possessing appetites of such viciousness that they have no control over themselves whatever, and will perhaps wreck their own lives and the lives of those who love them. If we had an ideal universe in which every person in it could function perfectly and beautifully in society, I can conceive of a person living that kind of life without any confusion whatever of the supernatural being involved; but that does not deny the existence or the necessity for that which is necessarily imposed by the universal itself, which I think is GOD; that does not deny religion. Dr. Stace further says:

"To be genuinely civilized means to be able to walk straightly and to live honorably without the props and crutches of one or another of the childish dreams which have so far supported men."

This is where I begin to break with Doctor Stace.

"That such a life is likely to be ecstatically happy I will not claim. But that it can be lived in quiet content, accepting resignedly what cannot be helped, not expecting the impossible,

and thankful for small mercies, this I would maintain. That it will be difficult for men in general to learn this lesson I do not deny. But that it will be impossible I would not admit since so many have learned it already.

"Man has not yet grown up. He is not adult. Like a child he cries for the moon and lives in a world of fantasies. And the race as a whole has perhaps reached the great crisis of its life. Can it grow up as a race in the same sense as individual men grow up? Can man put away childish things and adolescent dreams? Can he grasp the real world as it actually is, stark and bleak, without any romantic or religious halo, and still retain his ideals, striving for great ends and noble achievements? If he can, all may yet be well. If he cannot, he will probably sink back into the savagery and brutality from which he came, taking a humble place once more among the lower animals."

You see what Doctor Stace is telling us? He is telling us that man, (in a generic sense, in mass), must develop away from illusions of religion, the romantic aspect of it. If he can develop into a high moral being as a mass, then all will be well, but if he cannot, there is no imperative to inspire him or lift him or raise him except that found within the area of his own intelligence and a part of his own will.

That, I deny. I should like to debate with Doctor Stace, or any materialistic philosopher. I know I don't like illusions; nobody likes illusions, and he can call it a great illusion that the soul of man has turned toward the Soul of the Infinite and Divine for strength and power. He calls that an illusion, a great illusion. So, he claims, man must find a way in which he can stand by his own bootstraps, and in the old phrase, "Lift himself up by those bootstraps"; that he has no other thing to depend on except himself; that he is the center of the cosmos; that he is a victim of it; that he is an accident of the cosmos, and that there is no pattern, no concreteness, no order; that appearance is a delusion and a snare; that he must learn to resign in the presence of the inevitable rather than attempt to change what has the appearance of the inevitable and which he thinks he can do nothing about.

If I believed that, I would never enter this pulpit again. I would have nothing to say. I would simply have withered. I would feel that my soul had perished, if I believed that we were the recipients of a universe impersonal, inconsiderate. I know the agonies that are involved in the problem, I understand them as well as anyone, and I do not have any answer for the existence of evil. I don't know, sometimes, what to think about a God who would write laws against murder and then kill millions, in the language of so many who interpret it thus, in a great mighty earthquake. Or a God who would make a fundamental law against arson and burn thousands in the fires of a volcano. Or a God who would make laws against poison and create the adder and the rattlesnake. I stand in the presence of the manifestation of these things, stricken with the same challenge that strikes the mind of any man who is trying to think his way through the difficulty. I acknowledge that I cannot explain the goodness of a God in a little malformed child who comes into the world deaf, dumb and blind. I have difficulty analyzing the goodness of God in the presence of the tragedies and sorrows of life, but this thing I know: that the difficulty which I have in explaining God in an evil world is offset by the great privilege of explaining God in terms of a good world. I see a little malformed child, either physical or moral, at birth, and I see sorrow and tragedy; then I turn my face and look

into the face of Helen Keller. You will have to explain God in terms of the good in life just as much as in the terms of the evil of life. I see a life broken and ruined, devastated, crushed and disintegrated by sin, tragedy and sorrow. I see business gone, love gone, flown out of the window; I meet a broken bit of humanity. Then a year later I meet him washed and clean, weaving back into his life the golden thread of new hope. I might say, "What has happened to you?" And he would say, "I have found a power greater than myself." I have seen that happen too long and too often to follow the blind path, heroic in its intellectual thinking, courageous in its willingness to state it, but I have seen too many down the long centuries from Galileo and Copernicus and Bruno through Darwin and Huxley, Hume, and John Stuart Mill; I have seen them all; I have seen a mechanical era, forty years ago, when we deified science and we said "The machine will now save us" and out of an era that produced an evolution I have seen a world under the mastery of its mechanistic power kill 35 millions of its youth, bankrupt itself in two wars, followed by a depression of unmentionable tragedy. I have seen science fail because science did not have the imperative to touch, not only the body and the physical comforts of men, but to touch their souls. It is when the soul of man is touched that he will take his science, take his understanding, take his machinery, and he will rise to the full dignity of his own personality which reflects the image of the Eternal, and man will sensitize all his science and all his physical equipment with the spiritual beauty of the Divine and the Eternal; then our society will be transformed; then we won't have to face the alternative of Doctor Stace that we must all become as a mass, good moral people without any imperative from the cosmos. My friends, the great scholar of Princeton has a philosophical mind which far outclasses in its proportions my individual thinking, yet in my heart and mind, Doctor Stace, or to any materialistic, mechanistic-minded mind, I would say with Plotinus, and with Pascal, and with CHRIST, "The heart hath reasons that the mind does not know."

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services. . .11 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD
Sunday Evening Services, 7:30 o'clock
Not broadcast.
Church School. . . .Sundays, 9:30 a.m.
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.

DECEMBER BOOK LECTURES

Dec. 1—"In a Chinese Garden," by Frederic Loomis, M.D.
Dec. 8—"The Big Fisherman," by Lloyd C. Douglas.
Dec. 15—"1000 Inspirational Things," by Audrey Stone Morris.
Dec. 22—"The Other Wise Man," by Henry van Dyke.
Dec. 29—"The Years After 50," by Dr. Wingate Johnson.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PROGRAM

A pre-Christmas Entertainment will be given by the talented children of the Church School on December 6th in the auditorium of the Peoples Church, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Members and friends of the church are given this opportunity to support the children with their interest and attendance.

This will be a varied program of musical and dramatic talent.

"TOWN HALLERS"

Meetings are held in Bradley Hall every second and fourth Friday of the month. The December dates will be the 10th and 24th. Young people invited.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WIND—Every morning, Monday through Friday, 10:45.

WGN—Every evening, Monday through Friday, 6:00.

WJJD—Every Sunday morning, 11:00.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH CHOIR

Meets every Friday night at 8, in the Church Auditorium. Auditions are at 7:30. Mr. Walter Flandorf, Organist and Director.

MEN'S CLUB

This very live organization of the Peoples Church meets on the fourth Monday of each month. Watch the church bulletin for current announcements.

SCOUTS

Girl Scout Troop No. 187, Betty Boaz, Leader, meets every Thursday evening, in Anderson Hall of the church, at 7:30 p.m.

The Girl Scouts of this troop did valiant service in serving the church dinners throughout the Bazaar. More will be said of this in the January number.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630 meets every Monday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock in Bradley Hall of the church. Vera Swanson, leader.

OUR WOMEN'S CLUBS

The December events of the Woman's Club and of the Professional and Business Woman's Club are covered in the Christmas Season Announcement.

CHRISTMAS DRAMA TEA AND DECEMBER PRODUCTION

The Uptown Players will hold their Christmas Drama Tea in Anderson Hall on Sunday, December 5th, at 4 o'clock. They will present two one-act plays: "Cox and Box," under the direction of Joe Rogers; and "A Plot to Overthrow Christmas," directed by J. Bradley-Griffin.

* * *

The December production of The Uptown Players will be "The Inspector Calls," by J. B. Priestly. Opening Night will be Wednesday, December 8th, and the play will also be given Thursday evening, December 9th, Saturday, December 11th, and on Sunday afternoon, the 12th. At the evening performance the curtain is at 8:30 and on Sunday afternoon, 3:00 o'clock.

All productions (except the Drama Teas) are given in the Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 East 11th Street.

THE GIFT OF YOU

By Hilda Butler Farr

It's not enough to purchase gifts
And then give them away;
It's not enough—not half enough,
Regardless what you pay;
Unless you give along with them
Some love and kindness, too;
For packages are valueless
Without the gift of *you*.

(When Hilda Butler Farr sent the little poem above to Dr. Bradley she said in a note which accompanied it: "You will know I have been listening to you by the above poem.)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

SPEAKING of Christmas gifts, a chance acquaintance one day brought the well-known writer, Lee Mitchell Hodges in conversation with a prosperous business man the day before Christmas.

"Would you like to know," said the business man, "what I am going to give my boy for Christmas?" "Yes," replied Hodges, realizing that this father could make a very costly gift to his son. The man pulled out his purse, and taking from it a piece of paper he showed it to Hodges. On the paper was written this little paragraph: "To my dear Son: I give you one hour of each weekday and two hours of my Sundays, to be yours, and to be used as you want them, without interference of any kind whatsoever. Your Father."

Hodges smiled in surprise. He wondered how that boy would feel and what he would think when on Christmas he would read that slip of paper. If he was just an average boy he would be very much dissatisfied. If he was an unusual boy, he would realize that his father had given him something that he could never repay.

"Tell me," said Hodges, "how did you happen to hit upon the idea of giving such an extraordinary present?" The man answered: "The other day a young fellow whom I have not seen since he was a lad about my boy's age, came into my office 'to make a touch.' His face and bearing carried the tell-tale marks of idleness and dissipation. He was simply a human derelict. 'Robert,' I exclaimed in amazement, 'and you with such a fine father.' The boy answered: 'Well, I have often heard that Dad was a fine man. All his friends have told me so. I never knew him. He was so much occupied with his business and his clubs, that I only saw him occasionally at mealtimes, and never really knew him.' That made me think, and think furiously, and believe me, from now on, I am going to see to it that my son has a chance to know me." "That's the greatest gift a man can give, yet a gift every father owes to his son," meditated Mr. Hodges, as he listened to this story of one of the most unusual Christmas gifts which I have ever heard.

This time is the heart time of the

year. It is the sublime hour, when argument and speculation are intruders. Controversy seems out of place, and theological vagaries have no response. I do not care at the Yuletide for the barren literalness of dogmatic religionists. They sound a discordant note in the gladsome music of the Christmas symphony. The world does not ask on Christmas morn about miracles and astronomy. It is too occupied with the love-light from the glowing eyes of a little child. It is seeing the miracle of love, and is singing its song of joy, after a pilgrimage where it followed a star. Wherever love has its habitation, there Christmas dwells. Every discordant, devitalizing, destructive agency in life may be ultimately and permanently removed by the spirit of love and unselfishness which reigns abroad tonight.

It is harder to have animosity at the Yuletide. Hearts are softened when Christmas comes. Forgotten friends are remembered on Christmas and tears come without shame when old memories are awakened. In all the long, long year, it is the one time when even the wisest and most infallible can meet the beauty of true sentiment without fear of becoming merely sentimental. A little more of that sentiment unobtrusively permitted to hover over life during the year would make the spirit of the day last longer. And I am certain what this old earth needs more than it needs anything else is the technique of making the Christmas last.

Envisage such a world. Love, unselfishness, devotion, gladness, music, starlit nights, angel voices and shepherd hearts. The world gives all this an unhampered opportunity on Christmas Day. Its efficacy no one doubts. The power and glory of it spring from the beauty and incomparable splendor of an unselfish life. At Christmas life and its little ironies assume new and proper proportions. We see the way more clearly while the heroic quality of the life we honor gives us more courage to take that way. The notes of the divine melody of an ancient song live in our hearts. Why or how the singers came disturbs me not. The song is the thing that matters. P.B.

CHRISTMAS, WHERE THE TREES COME FROM!

A FRIEND of Mrs. Bradley's who is at present living in the South, wrote and asked her about the celebration of Christmas up in the North Woods country, where Dr. and Mrs. Bradley spend their happy summers on their little island in Lake Vermilion. The friend wrote: "I was thinking the other day that we must soon send an order up to Minnesota, from where, each year, we have a lovely tree sent to us for our Christmas celebration. I got to wondering if the people up north where the trees come from, really appreciate them as much, having them close at hand, as do we, who send so far for them."

It so happened that Mrs. Bradley hadn't written this friend for some time, so she decided to give some time to her letter and to tell her friend in story-fashion what she had once been told by one of the natives of Minnesota in answer to her own questions about how they celebrate the "Yuletide." Dr. Bradley thought the story would interest the readers of The Liberalist, and so it is published here:

"THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO CHRISTMAS"

By Grace Thayer Bradley

Up in what I call the "North Country," where we take our rest and play-day in the summer, there is, indeed, a veritable "Road that leads to Christmas." I listened like a child to a fairy-tale, while one of the natives told me how they celebrate the Yuletide.

The road passes through this little mining town, situated on the border of a large, beautiful lake, surrounded by forest and hills, mountainous in height.

It is the custom, a day or two before Christmas eve, for the young girls to go into the woods after a small fir tree, and bring it home, each for their respective family. It is an occasion of great jollification, this hunting the Christmas tree. Those sturdy, blue-eyed, fair-haired girls, wrapped in sweaters and scarfs, coats, caps, mittens and boots, sally forth armed with hatchets—laughing, singing up the road into the pine woods. The small children beg to join the "tree hunters"—bundling themselves with all the clothing they can find, boots large enough for them to fall into and mittens they cannot keep on—these little tots look forward with longing to the time when it will be their responsibility to select the family Christmas tree!

It is 15 or 20 degrees below zero—the sun shines brightly, but does not thaw or mar the white purity of the snow, sparkling like diamonds on every crusted weed and bush, stick and stone, and bedecking the soft pine boughs like soft clouds fallen there, sprinkled with star dust! The forest in its blanket of snow is beautiful, majestic, inspiring beyond expression of words; the stillness far more intense than the summer quiet, for there is no bird-song—none of the little denizens of the woods scampering around. They are enjoying their winter nap in their underground homes. There are no trails, no familiar paths; just that soft, white carpet of scintillating loveliness, unbroken by footfall, unless some wayfaring rabbit has scampered through the woods, leaving its tiny round footprints; these the girls laughingly choose to follow, often breaking through the sparkling crust and sinking half their length into deep drifts.

Some distance into the woods they cast about for their trees; this one too large, that one too small—another, oh, so beautiful, but too splendid to be cut down, sacrificing its life for a brief holiday; on they go, not reckoning they must drag their trophy back the same distance! Finally having selected their trees and chopped them down, they retrace their steps, each dragging her tree behind her, becoming so weary with the tramping, one now and then throws herself full length into a snow bed, laughing and shouting till the others pull her up again. At last the road is reached; on they trudge into the village, calling and shouting with glee, that all may know the tree bearers have returned.

Several men with a long bob-sleigh and team of horses drive over the ice across the lake and into the forest, bringing back tall balsams for the Church festival, and the tallest, straightest and best of all for the village tree, to stand at the head of the street where it meets the highway. There, on Christmas eve, all the families gather, the little tots close to the tree—the young people form a circle, dancing around them, the older folks in groups on the outside—then out on the crisp, clear air, their voices ring with carols and folksongs. Silvery, tin-

kling bells, first afar then near, thrill the children with awe and expectancy —a sleigh is drawn into the circle, and a jolly, rollicking Santa Claus gives each one a gaily colored bag filled with candy and nuts, and then away he drives, head nodding, bells jingling, disappearing up the highway.

After the children are whisked home to dreamland, there is much visiting between neighbors, each with the family board laden with cakes, jellies, cookies in all imaginable shapes and sizes—things made only for Christmas, every housewife taking great pride in her skill for concocting these delectable holiday sweets. In every home stands a Christmas tree, aglitter with trinkets and toys; the warmth of the house bringing out that delightful fir tree incense.

Because it is an annual event in our lives, we are apt to think the bringing of the evergreen tree into our homes at Christmas has ever been a festival connected wholly with the birth of the Christ Child. However, it is interesting to learn by studying the origin of this most beautiful custom, that the ancient Druids, long, long ago believed that by bringing the evergreen tree into the home before frost touched it, that from that time until spring no evil would enter. Later, the Teutons, following the old Druid story, sensed the spirit of the evergreens and added decorations of gifts and toys and every brilliant thing they could think of, with the idea that if the evergreen tree in their home protected them from evil, they in turn paid it honor by bestowing gifts and decorations upon it. The old English word "Yuletide" in ancient times, meant the period of December and January, and was sometimes called "former Yule" and "after Yule." The Scandinavians celebrated "Yuletide" long before Christian times, as a festival of rejoicing and fun-making, due to the passing of the Winter Solstice, when you know, the sun, reaching the end of its path, turns back, making its way northward, lengthening our days, continually increasing its warmth, its golden rays penetrating to the heart of the sleeping trees and bushes. It is then under their covering of ice and snow, the tiny buds begin to form which will come forth some four months hence in leaf and blossom . . .

In this little Northern mining town, where the village street meets the highway, stands the giant evergreen, the trinkets and tinsel glistening with frost, the many colored lights twinkling like jewels; the street is deserted, the merry-makers seeking warm firesides to continue their visiting and feasting; there is a strange stillness after the songs and laughter of the early evening. Twigs and branches crack sharply —boards in houses and fences creak in the clear, freezing atmosphere; once or twice a wolf bays miles away in the forest or on the edge of the lake. The moon rides slowly up the heavens, turning, by magic, the village, the forest, the hills, the road, into gleaming silver; the tree shadows fall in cold, fantastic pattern across the snow. A great star hangs against the steel-blue sky high above the tree which stands alone on this Holy Night at the end of the road —casting its spell over the village, whispering, "Peace on Earth—Good Will to men!"

BOOK CHATS

SURELY the trend of people's thinking and often of their needs is evidenced by the books they buy, in the same way that people's ideals are often evidenced in their choice of leaders or of heroes whom they follow. There is always a great demand for books that will tend to help people with their problems. In spite of the admonitions of doctors, psychiatrists and others against the worry habit, there still may be people who do not know that worry is dangerous to one's health, that it saps the energy, warps the thinking and even kills ambition; that it interferes with normal living and our chances for a happy, healthy life.

The moment I mention the name of the author of the first book I have chosen for this book chat, you will recall his book on "How to Win Friends and Influence People;" for Dale Carnegie has written another book, published early in June, a book which his publishers tell us he has been preparing for seven years. He calls it "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living." The Literary Critics have been unkind to Dale Carnegie. He does not write with great literary distinction; but because I wish to be as helpful as I can to people and to meet their daily needs, I am bringing this book to your attention; for certainly we are in a period of worry; individual worry, national worry; international worry. Our worries are interlaced and interlocked and it can become very serious unless we face the problems squarely.

Dale Carnegie, in telling us how and why this book was written, says that thirty-five years ago he was one of the unhappiest lads in New York. He was selling motor trucks for a living. He didn't know what made a truck run and didn't want to know. He despised his job. He despised the cheap room he lived in. He came home to his lonely room each night with a sick headache bred and fed by disappointment, worry, bitterness, and rebellion. The dreams of his college days had turned into nightmares. And then he made an important decision. A decision which changed the whole course of his life.

His college training had fitted him for teaching. He wanted most of all to write, and thought if he taught nights, he could use his days for reading and writing. He started teaching in YMCA's where he had to help adults solve their problems quickly and had to make his sessions so inspiring they wanted to continue in his classes, for at first he worked on a percentage basis. In three years his success was astounding. Then he found he needed a textbook on human relations. He couldn't find an adequate one, so he wrote one—one which grew and evolved out of the experiences of the adults in these classes. That was the book, "How to Win Friends and Influence People." He says as he had written four other books that no one had ever heard of, and as this was written as a text book, he never dreamed it would have a large sale, and he is now probably one of the most astonished authors living. It has sold 3½ million copies to date and is still selling steadily. As the years went by he realized another big problem of the adults in his classes was worry. Clearly what he needed was a textbook on how to conquer worry. He tried to find one, and was astounded to discover that New York's public library had

nine times as many books about worms as about worry. Dale Carnegie then started preparing himself to write the book he wanted: He read what the philosophers of all the ages said about worry; read hundreds of biographies, and worked for five years in his own laboratory for conquering worry, a laboratory conducted in his own adult classes. He gave his students a set of rules, asked them to apply them and then report on results. This book "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living" did not come out of an ivory tower, neither is it preachment; it is a fast-moving, concise report on how worry has been conquered by thousands of adults. The book is practical; something you can get your teeth into. There are no imaginary cases. It is authentic.

In part ten of the book there are 32 true stories about famous, well-known people of today, including Roger Babson, famous economist; Elmer Thomas, U.S. Senator from Oklahoma; letters and quotations from writers, business executives, college professors; E. Stanley Jones, dynamic speaker and famous missionary, and from Jack Dempsey. There are letters from housewives, from millionaires, an article written by Connie Mack, telling how he made his own rules. There are the rules by which John Rockefeller lived on borrowed-time for 45 years.

On the first fly-leaf of the book there are listed sixteen ways in which the book will help you, any five of which seem to me to be sufficient cause for reading the book. I think you will be interested in hearing how he has divided the book. There are ten parts or divisions: Part One, "Fundamental Facts You Should Know About Worry." Surely understanding the problem is the first necessity. Then Part Two, "Basic Techniques in Analyzing Worry." This division includes "Nine suggestions on how to get the most out of this book." That on the face of it sounds very valuable and practical. Part Three, (and here we come to the meat of the matter), "How to Break the Worry Habit Before It Breaks You." This includes a chapter on "Don't Let the Beetles Get You Down," and "A Law That Will Outlaw Many of Your Worries."

In Part Four, on "Seven Ways to Cultivate a Mental Attitude that Will Bring You Peace and Contentment" (and how much we all need those two qualities—Peace and Contentment)—in this section he has a chapter which appeals to me greatly, which he calls "Find yourself and be yourself; Remember, there is no one else on earth like you." Part Five is "The Perfect Way to Conquer Worry," in which the author tells how his mother and father conquered worry. Part Six, "How to Keep from Worrying about Criticism"; Seven, "Six Ways to Prevent Fatigue and Worry and Keep Your Energy and Spirits High." This section of the book includes a very intriguing chapter on "How to Add One Hour a Day to Your Waking Life." There is much in this section of special interest to the housewife.

And now of all the sections of the book, perhaps this is as important as any, for in part Eight he treats of "How to Find the Kind of Work in Which You May Be Happy and Successful," including a chapter on "One of the Two Major Decisions of Your Life." Part Nine is "How to Lessen Your Financial Worries—" which should certainly interest everyone, with prices at their present levels, and Part Ten "How I Conquered Worry" containing 32 personal experiences with worry by many famous people. I have listed these ten section headings, because they give a key to what the book may do for your individual problem—this book by Dale Carnegie, published by Simon and

Schuster, called "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living."

* * *

It seems to me that one of the things that helps us to glorify the commonplace is the little celebrations we plan around even the simplest anniversaries. Personally, I just dote on anniversary celebrations. We always have them at our house—very special celebrations for birthdays and for any other kind of an anniversary we can figure out or think up. And so I am particularly happy and enthusiastic about the next book I bring to your attention, for it is truly an anniversary affair.

I am going to tell you about a book called "Long Windows," written by Lucy and Sidney Corbett, and published by Harpers. Now why is it an anniversary affair? Well, for two reasons. A year ago in October, the 15th to be exact—these two authors published their first book, and I reviewed it over the air—their book, "Pot Shots from a Grosse Ile Kitchen," and I am still receiving questions about it. In November last year I told our readers about it in these book chats. Very near to the middle of October this year I reviewed their second book on the air and that is as near as I can come to an actual anniversary, but it is quite close enough to suit me, when it comes to an opportunity for celebrating, and now I shall tell our readers about this, their second book.

"Long Windows" is beautifully illustrated by William Thomas Woodward. He shows a very enchanting view from one of the Long Windows for his first illustration, with a view of the river and a boat gliding by, for Lucy and Sidney Corbett live on an island—Grosse Ile, in fact, about twenty miles below Detroit, in the Detroit River. I went by there this past summer on the S.S. "South America."

You who read my review of their previous book will remember that Sidney Corbett is a Vet of World War I. Fifteen years ago paralysis put him in a wheel chair for life, but Florence Davies, who wrote the preface to "Long Windows" says "a wheel chair may be a big, luxurious, lumbering affair which cradles a wan invalid; or it may be a sturdy, efficient little contraption which merely provides transportation for its occupant, with the greatest possible economy of means and space; and Sid's is the latter." He was a successful Detroit automobile executive when paralysis struck him, and Miss Davies says that "nothing at all hurtful happened to his shoulders and arms, his heart or his head." In fact, she claims "they've been getting respectively bigger and better ever since. Thus," she says, "the man with his fine leonine head and massive shoulders towers above the chair and wholly overshadows it." But now, more about the book itself.

To begin with, Sidney Corbett has had a life enriched by travel, he writes in very much of a he-man style, and when I tell you that the book contains a succession of adventures and yet that somehow tucked into the adventures one manages to find recipes that whet the appetite of a gourmet, you will get some idea of the kind of book it is. I can't say personally whether the adventure rides above the recipe, for both the recipe and the adventure are so bound up in each other that one cannot untangle them. Suffice it to say that any man will find this as much of a book for *his* bedside stand as will any woman. That's the kind of book it is—delightful tales of adventure. The illustrations alone give one an idea of the scope of the adventures. There's a houseboat steaming down the river—an enormous old Dutch-oven-style kitchen stove (I think that's the kind it is—I know it looks very capable and old-fashioned); there's an interesting look-

ing skunk; a tall tale about a yacht race on Lake Michigan. Then there is one showing men in a camp with an enormous barbecue in progress—there's a French scene with a small town cafe in the foreground, geese in the street nearby, and two men being served something steaming hot by a good looking French girl, the heading to the chapter "L'Esprit de France". A beautiful picture of the Miracle of the Swans, in a chapter on Wings in the Moonlight caught my eye, for it reminded me of my beloved north woods.

The book opens with a chapter called "Birthday Bow" which includes an adventure in swimming at Ostend, Belgium. As you enter the cabana and swing and splash toward the sea, you practically shiver from the icy water into which you dive, and enjoy the luxurious and pre-wartime comfort of the boardwalk hotel. I defy anyone to read that chapter and not feel a satisfying sense of enjoyment over the meal described, served in epicurean style by the Maitre d'Hotel himself. There is Grandpere's Tin Box, Stage Bug, The Little Guy's Lament, Sandhog Galley, Bringing Up Father, Defrosted Cicero and altogether 38 chapters in a compact little book of 200 pages. In the back of the book is an index of Lucy's recipes, of which there seem to be hundreds — right-down-to-earth ones and then some very special ones for those occasions when nothing less will do.

There are stories of Grosse Ile past and present—people who have lived there during its long, turbulent history under three flags. British Redcoat and Indian warrier had scarcely vanished when the rooftree of the old house went up. Loving eyes watched the "Boys in Blue" march to the Civil War, other eyes saw the Khaki of '98, the olive drab of the First World War, and the battle dress of the Second. Birchbark canoe gave way to the white sail of the lumber schooner, the schooner bowed to the "Long Ships" the modern giant ore carriers. Wild Ducks fly its watercourse, summer squalls lash its waters to fury and winter ice still locks them fast in frozen splendor. All this we find in Lucy and Sid's new book, "Long Windows." Sid is in the big kitchen in his wheel chair and Lucy works culinary magic on her three stoves. Sid spins his yarns and Lucy writes her mouth-watering recipes. The world comes to them through their welcoming back door and the long front windows, and from their rich store of memories and their zest for life, they have distilled a flavor and charm that fill the pages of this book.

Louis Bromfield says of it, "I think it one of the most delightful books I have read in many years." And Vincent Starrett calls it "excellent reading, peppered with good stories from what must be the most savory kitchen in the world!"

I have a picture in my study of the Corbetts in their big, old-fashioned kitchen, to which come artists, writers, and musicians from Lucy's student life in Paris—friends who come to talk about books and music. The stories in this book are told with gusto—to start one is to feel compelled to finish it—and to read one of the recipes is enough to send any woman to the kitchen-cabinet to try her hand, and any man to the icebox to satisfy his appetite.

* * *

A few weeks ago as I was leaving the WGN studio, June Baker and the distinguished author, physician, philosopher and traveler, Dr. Frederic Loomis, were just coming into the studio for June Baker's program. How fortunate I was to meet them, for June Baker introduced me to Dr. Loomis and I had a few words with him. Perhaps you might have heard the interesting conversation in which Dr.

Loomis was interviewed by June Baker. Dr. Loomis is the author of the little story "In A Chinese Garden," which is the little book I am now going to mention.

What an interesting career Dr. Loomis has had! As a young man he entered the University of Michigan, to study medicine, and, as he said, it took him 18 years to finish the course. It was broken by his going to Alaska in the gold rush. He came back and finished his course at the University and then practiced medicine. What a long and distinguished career he has had! He is now living in Piedmont, California, and spending these lovely, beautiful years as he goes down the sunset trail, in bringing words of beauty and help to people everywhere. You have probably read his stories in the Readers Digest, in Coronet Magazine and in the book, "Words to Live By," which I reviewed over the air soon after it was published in February. There is a chapter in which Dr. Loomis tells the story of the Chinese proverb which did so much to change his life and the life of thousands of others who have read the story.

Dr. Loomis in the hospital one day discovered a patient with the same name as his own. She was not his patient, and he asked the doctor if he might stop in and see her. She had just lost her baby. He had a visit with her, not in a professional capacity, but just as a friend, and left, thinking the incident was closed. Two years later he received a letter from Peking, China, a letter which said: "Dear Doctor: Please don't be too surprised in getting a letter from me. I am signing only my first name. My surname is the same as yours. You won't even remember me. Two years ago I was in your hospital under the care of another doctor. I lost my baby the day it was born. That same day my doctor came in to see me, and as he left he said, 'Oh, by the way, there is a doctor here with the same name as yours, who noticed your name on the board and asked me about you. He said he would like to come in to see you because you might be a relative. I told him you had lost your baby and I didn't think you would want to see anybody, but it was all right with me.'

"And then in a little while you came in. You put your hand on my arm and sat down for a moment beside my bed. You didn't say much of anything, but your eyes and your voice were kind and pretty soon I felt better. As you sat there I noticed that you looked tired and that the lines in your face were very deep. I never saw you again, but the nurses told me you were in the hospital practically night and day.

"This afternoon I was a guest in a beautiful Chinese home here in Peking. The garden was enclosed by a high wall, and on one side, surrounded by twining red and white flowers was a brass plate about two feet long. I asked someone to translate the characters for me. They said, 'Enjoy yourself. It is later than you think.' I began to think about it for myself. I had not wanted another baby, because I was still grieving for the one I lost, but I decided that moment that I should not wait any longer. Perhaps it may be later than I think, too. And then, because I was thinking of my baby, I thought of you and the tired lines in your face, and the moment of sympathy you gave me when I so needed it. I don't know how old you are, but I am quite sure you are old enough to be my father, and I know that those few minutes you spent with me meant little or nothing to you, of course, but they meant a great deal to a woman who was desperately unhappy. So I am so presumptuous to think that in turn I can do something for you, too. Perhaps for you it is later than you think. Please forgive me, but when

your work is over on the day you get my letter, please sit down very quietly, all by yourself, and think about it, Marguerite."

Well, there it is—the letter. It changed the life of Dr. Loomis. He said, "Usually I sleep very well when I am not disturbed by the telephone, but that night I waked a dozen times, seeing the brass plate in the Chinese wall. And before I knew it I found myself saying again to myself, 'Maybe it is later than you think; why don't you do something about it?' I went to my office the next morning and told them I was going away for three months. It is a wholesome experience for anyone who thinks he is so important in his own organization to step out for a few months. Many years have been added to the average expectation of life, but each individual's fate is still a hazard. The most valuable people around us have lived largely for others. This seems the time to remind them that they will have more years and happier ones to do good for others if they start right now to do something for themselves; to go places and to do things they have looked forward to for years; to give those who love them the happiness of seeing them enjoy some of the rewards which they have earned; to replace competition with a bit of contemplation." And that's the story of the Chinese Garden. When this story was told in the Readers' Digest Dr. Loomis received a letter from Peking, China, from the man who owns that garden in which this Chinese brass plate is enclosed in the high wall.

As I talked with Dr. Loomis the other day, I thought, "Yes, his face is deeply lined, his brow is white, but his eyes are young and his soul is ageless." This little book will be a beautiful thing for each of us to have and read often, and it would make a beautiful Christmas gift. Yes, the old Chinese motto is true—"Enjoy yourself; it is later than you think."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

SUCH a beautiful November day, it is a joy to look out of the window! The sun shines brightly, there is still a tone of green to the grass in the park, and the bare trees cast shadows in lacy pattern across it. The sky is cloudless, the lagoon and Lake Michigan beyond reflect its deep blue; a flock of ducks are swimming leisurely and peacefully about in the lagoon, doubtless resting here a few days before making their way for parts south. Looking out upon this lovely scene for inspiration, I fail to pull out a single Christmas thought. It seems too remote! A pad of paper looks blankly up at me from my desk, where it is still unmarred by my pencil. The December number must go to press—but no "vision of sleigh-bells (or is it "sugar plums?") dance in my head!" So—let me see—in lieu of a Christmas story shall I tell you about my meeting the First Lady and Miss Margaret Truman? It happened this way. About a month ago the President

came to Chicago to make a speech, his wife and daughter accompanying him. Dr. Bradley received an invitation to meet President Truman at a four o'clock party arranged for him by the Mayor and others, at the Blackstone Hotel, on the day he arrived in Chicago. There were only fifty invited and Dr. Bradley felt honored to be one of the number. It seemed a nice opportunity to meet the President and possibly have a chance to chat with him in so small a gathering. But my husband was wholly unprepared for the surprise he got when he was introduced to the President. "Dr. Preston Bradley?" said the President with emphasis, as they shook hands. "I am sure you do not know how glad I am to meet you. I've wanted very much to do so, because my family and I enjoyed listening to you every morning at breakfast, when you had the 'Hymns of All Churches' radio program. My wife wouldn't miss you for anything—and we were so sorry when that program was discontinued." When my husband told me about this I said: "Well, well—you never thought you were breakfasting every morning with the President and his family!"

I was glad when Dr. Bradley received his invitation. I thought it would be very interesting for him to meet the President. Imagine my surprise the next day when I received an invitation all to myself (by Special Delivery) inviting me to meet Mrs. Truman and Miss Margaret at a tea at the Blackstone Hotel, etc.

We went down together, my husband to a certain floor and parlors where the President's reception was held, and I to another floor to the tea. We agreed to meet later in the lobby. After forfeiting my invitation (upon which, of course, was my name) to a barrage of secret service men, who checked me with their list, I was ushered to a wide corridor filled with women (there were 150 invited). The parlors opened onto this corridor, but no one was allowed in there until the guests of honor arrived. As soon as I stepped into the corridor, a member of the social committee took me in charge, saying she knew my husband and listened to his broadcast weekdays and Sundays—and she began introducing me to every lady there—missing none! I said to her—"Well, really you know, I am not the guest of honor—you need not introduce me to all these people—I'm not important." "Indeed I must," she replied—"There probably isn't a woman here who doesn't listen to Dr. Bradley—and they'll be glad to meet you!" So there was nothing to do but face it smilingly

We had just finished the rounds, and back where we started, when the elevator doors opened and out stepped several fine-looking young police lieutenants, each over six feet, in full dress uniform—white caps, white belts, white gloves—two made an aisle through the crowd and everybody stepped back—then two of the officers escorted the First Lady, and one walked with Miss Margaret into the parlor, followed by Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, Mrs. Paul Douglas, Mrs. Kelly and several others. When the receiving line was formed, the guests, in single file, started going in to be presented.

Mrs. Truman was very gracious and looked exactly like her pictures. She was dressed in a black suit, black hat, and wore a sable scarf and two enormous dark purple orchids. Miss Margaret is far better looking than her pictures. She was charming and friendly, with a modest dignity and a lovely smile that lights her entire face; her eyes are very blue and twinkle, like her father's. She wore a dark blue suit, with matching off-the-face hat, a mink scarf around her shoulders, and two gorgeous orchids. As soon as the introductions

were over, the guests of honor and the ladies assisting in receiving, left the parlor, presumably going to the Presidential Suite to have their coffee, etc., quietly away from the crowd. Then a police lieutenant appeared on the scene, walking through the long parlor, and holding his hand high to attract attention he said, "Ladies, the President will be down in five minutes to greet you."

I walked out to the corridor, as did many others, and immediately the orchestra which had been playing at the end of the corridor, struck up "Hail to the Chief." The elevator doors opened and the President, with Mayor Kennelly, stepped out, flanked by a group of the secret service. A great applause greeted them, lasting several minutes. The President was smiling broadly and looked very happy. Holding up his hand to quiet the applause, he spoke to us a few minutes, saying how much he had enjoyed the afternoon; that he always liked to come to Chicago because of our friendly spirit, and he hoped to see us all in Washington where he could return our hospitality, etc., this bringing forth more applause. He waved his hand and said goodbye, still smiling as he entered the elevator.

I was very pleasantly impressed. He is wholesome, clean-cut and sincere. I am glad to have had the opportunity to see him at such close range. I stood not more than ten feet from him. My heart echoed the refrain "Hail to the Chief."

* * *

Now from the Mail Bag I have drawn a beautiful letter from Annette Victorin, poet and magazine writer. Her new collection of published poems Dr. Bradley reviewed in a broadcast recently. She writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"How proud, happy and honored I was, as I sat listening to your review of FALLING FEATHERS. My family listened attentively, too.

"Your broadcast was something I shall always cherish and remember with a deep feeling of humbleness.

"Only YOU, Dr. Bradley, can read poetry with something more than a feeling of just seeing words; you get inside of the author and you touch the very premise and theme; you unvalve the author's emotions and win listeners! The poems gain in stature, ignited by your interpretation and charm.

"Your review of my little book was like a beautiful frame hugging a recently-painted picture! I've hung it on the wall of my heart.

"What is life worth, if we cannot share the fleeting moments doing something WORTHWHILE? Something to help someone to help themselves. No gain, in any shape or form, brings the harvester any felicity, if it is not shared. I know tomorrow will be a better day because I'm going to try to do more . . . for someone else. It *is* the secret of living. That's why I'm for the Veterans still tethered to their cots.

"PLEASE KEEP UP THE WORK YOU ARE DOING! You have a great power to do good and you are doing it. Thank you again and again for all your kindness and thoughtfulness and for REMEMBERING all the poets! Since Plato, they have influenced the world. Sincerely, Annette Victorin."

* * *

We will not have space for more than one more letter, and I choose the following because I know it was one that pleased my husband very much:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"This is to thank you for your sermon today. I listened to every word and wish that I could remember each one! The whole was very inspiring, and I became tearfully nostalgic—for I, too, was privileged to have lived a short part of my life in a small village of five hundred; but, only until I was eight.

"The tribute you paid your father was very beautiful. It brought back the dusty, sunny roads of my childhood when I would often stand, with my younger brother, outside our 'Village Blacksmith' shop and watch Mr. Theo Scott (one of the town's finest and most respected citizens) stand at his 'flaming forge' and 'swing his heavy sledge.' I never read nor hear Longfellow's immortal poem but I am carried back again to those happy, carefree years!

"Enclosed is the contribution I should have made could I have attended your service. Sincerely, Carol F. Pain (Mrs. Charles E.)."

* * *

Most heartily I wish you all a happy Yuletide. If you have a heavy or sad heart preventing your own joy in Christmas — try making some other hearts happy—and see what happens to yourself!

May the Star of Peace shine upon all mankind and may little children be visited by Santa Claus everywhere!

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

(During Summer Vacation and Through October 31, 1948)

JUNE

17—Address, Duluth Rotary Club, Spaulding Club, Duluth, Minn.
20—Radio Address. (Elec. Trans.) WJJD
27—Radio Address. (E.T.) WJJD

JULY

3—Address. 4th of July Celebration. High School Auditorium, Tower, Minnesota.
4—Radio Address. (E.T.) WJJD
11—Radio Address. (E.T.) WJJD
12—Address. Arrowhead Association, Duluth, Minnesota.
14—Address. Annual Chamber of Commerce Banquet, Gilbert, Minn.
17—Address. Old Settlers' Assn., McKinley Park, Tower, Minnesota.
18—Radio Address. (E.T.) WJJD
25—Sermon. St. Andrews Church, Ft. William, Ontario, Canada.
Radio Address. (E.T.) WJJD

AUGUST

1—Annual Address. V.F.W. Post, Eveleth Lake Park, Eveleth, Minn.
Radio Address. (E.T.) WJJD
8—Radio Address. (E.T.) WJJD
15—Radio Address. (E.T.) WJJD
22—Radio Address. (E.T.) WJJD
29—Address. Lake Geneva Conference, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.
Radio Address. (E.T.) WJJD

SEPTEMBER

5—Radio Address. (E.T.) WJJD
12—Radio Address. (E.T.) WJJD
14—Address. Junior Association of Commerce, Hibbing, Minn.
15—Address. Kiwanis Club, Hibbing, Minensota.
17—Address. Men's Club, 1st Presby. Church, Omro, Wisconsin.
19—Opening Service. Peoples Church Dedication Address, Leila J. Anderson Community Bldg., Antioch, Illinois.
20—Opening Broadcast WGN Twelfth Season.
21—Radio Address. WGN
22—Radio Address. WGN
23—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Chicago Cinema Lodge No. 1619, B'nai Brith. Gold Room, Congress Hotel.
24—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Men's Club, 1st Presby. Church, LaGrange, Illinois.

25—Address. Convention Theatre Owners of America.
26—Morning Service, Peoples Church.
Address. Forum of Greater Bethesda Baptist Church.
27—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Opening Luncheon Woman's Club, Peoples Church.
Address, Opening Meeting, Men's Club, Peoples Church.
28—Radio Address. WGN
29—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Annual Meeting Milw. Co. Assn. for the Disabled, City Club, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
30—Radio Address. WGN

OCTOBER

1—Radio Address. WGN
3—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Sermon, Warren Ave. Congre. Church.
4—Radio Address. WGN
5—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Prof. & Business Woman's Club, Peoples Church.
6—Radio Address. WGN
Address, Edgewater Lodge B'nai Brith, Ravenswood Masonic Temple.
7—Radio Address. WGN
Address, Community Meeting, St. Charles High School Auditorium.
8—Radio Address. WGN
Address, Assembly-Student Council, Elgin High School Auditorium.
9—Address, Paul Schulze Memorial Service, Municipal Art League, Art Institute.
10—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Address, Sunday Evening Club, 1st Meth. Ch., Libertyville, Ill.
11—Radio Address. (E.T.) WGN
Cutting record. WGN
Address, Community Chest Campaign, Auditorium, Green Bay, Wis.
12—Radio Address. WGN
13—Radio Address. WGN
Cutting record, WGN
14—Radio Address. (E.T.) WGN
Address, Annual Dinner, Business & Prof. Woman's Club, Marion, Ill.
15—Radio Address. WGN
17—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Attendance Reception to Dr. Yard. Sherman Hotel.
18—Radio Address. WGN
Freedom Pledge, World Ensemble Quartette, Orchestra Hall.
19—Radio Address. WGN
Address, Old Peoples Home, 4724 Vincennes Ave.
Address, Ames School P'TA, Riverside, Ill.
20—Radio Address. WGN
Address, South Shore Temple.
21—Radio Address. WGN
22—Radio Address. WGN
24—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Address, South Side Art Assn., Hotel Windemere.
Sermon, Granville Ave. Meth. Church.
25—Radio Address. WGN
Attendance Reception to President of the U.S., Mr. Truman.
Address, Past Master's Night, Waukegan Lodge A.F. & A.M., Waukegan, Ill.
26—Radio Address. WGN
Address, No. Shore Kiwanis Club.
Address, PTA, LaGrange, Ill.
27—Radio Address. WGN
28—Radio Address. WGN
Address, Friends of Literature, YMCA.
29—Radio Address. WGN
Address, Sherman Paper Products, Stevens Hotel.
Address, Church School Dinner, Anderson Hall, Peoples Church.
30—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Sermon, Willard Memorial Church, Oak Park, Ill.

WEDDINGS

SEPTEMBER

22—Nadyne McCarter and Alec Cruickshank

25—Obeline Vollendorf and D. E. Lemon

26—LaVern Nilson and Harold Korshak

OCTOBER

2—Pauline Cassingham and Robert Boose

6—Hazel Ida Gibson and Stephen Dillano Kinnie

15—Miss Frances Moncreiff and John B. Hausler

16—Friedel S. Fuller and James F. Rogers

Rose Marie Devega and Harry Wiggins

23—Mabel Vollendorf and John Reynolds

29—Winston Jolly and Bobbie Barrett

30—Jane Chambers and Raymond E. Kalal

CHRISTENINGS

SEPTEMBER

19—Peter William Bohnsack, son of Mr. & Mrs. Wilbur Bohnsack

Karolyn Katherine Kanavas, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Kanavas

Barry Anthony Yurgutis, son of Mr. & Mrs. John Yurgutis

Sally Evans Hucket (Adult)

26—Celeste Elsa Wascher, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Benne Wascher

Cecelia Marion Brouton, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Earl Brouton

Laura Ann Rihel, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Michael J. Rihel

Arthur Yarnell Johnson, III, son of Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Yarnell Johnson, Jr.

Elin Sveen, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Sveen (Adult)

Nancy Lee Mayberry, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Howard Mayberry

OCTOBER

3—Judith Anne Metcalf, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Traver Metcalf

Joyce Lee McClanahan, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Paul McClanahan

Mrs. Gladys Johnson Metcalf (Adult)

Mrs. Ada Metcalf McClanahan (Adult)

David Lee Washer, son of Mr. & Mrs. Lee Washer

31—Diane Karen Hensley, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Hensley

Patricia Jean Johnson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. James Arthur Johnson

Yvonne Marie Faurie, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. William Faurie

Helene Elizabeth Armstrong, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Lewis Armstrong

Carol Elaine Brown, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Irwin Brown

FUNERALS

SEPTEMBER

20—Jack Modjeska

21—Woodrow Williams

Mrs. Robert Petersen

22—Mrs. Harriet T. Rusche

27—Oscar Smith

OCTOBER

1—Charles L. Roscoe

Mrs. Paul Brauer

2—Emma Lisco

4—Mrs. Harriet Lawrence

5—Mrs. Louise Pruchler

6—Samuel Schein

7—Mrs. Helen Burchfield

11—Joseph Stumpf

15—George (Happy) Jones

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27—Adam Heil

29—Mrs. Hattie Frogner

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